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Free Riders Press:

I love nothing more but to ride my Harley Davidson, but this 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ year sentence is hold me back from what I love the most.

I used to ride with the Lost Race out of Superior, WI. My bro in here told me about your magazine and I thought I would write to you and see if you would put me on your list to receive your subscription? I have no money right now but I will send you a donation ASAP.

I want to also thank you for taking the time to go out of your way and helping us brothers who are down and out.

When I read your magazine it brought back memories and old rally's I used to go to over the years. Thank you for bringing them back and making me smile once again. Stay in the wind and keep it between the ditches!

Larry Knutson A.K.A. Pig

Larry- Make sure you write to Bingo, His addy on the Editorial Page. Thx Preacher

"I was Rescued From Above" from The Race of the Living Dead" by:Timothy Dudley

As I am riding my bike in the state of AZ, I am riding to who knows where. I step out on 10 going west. As I ride I am at a loss to who I am of where I am going> I off at Jack Rabbit rd as my bike rumbles off the 10. I am at a fog as I turn to the south slow and easy as I pass an all nit conenience store on my left. I ope up the throttle and that Harley of mine, cold wind I do produce. I see lights appear from my rear as I continue to pick up speed. For a moment I said, "This is the way I will die running from myself on this Harley of mine, with drugs in my veins not caring for myself is to my own demise."

As I aproach a light, I blast right through it at about a 105, soft turn to the right and then to the left. A switchback that I take with ease, my leathers on and my bike a blazing. I am at full throttle at 140+, going into a corner before the bridge, I said "This will be my own demise." Then a vice from above that cold night came to me and said "Shut down for I have great plans for you my son. It was an angel from above that showed me love, to give me a chance to find myself. So I braked at the last moment to slow that ride down. As I *Continued on Page 26*



Dear Brother Preacher and all the Brothers and Sisters, staff of the Free Riders Press and throughout the free world:

I'm sending you this poem on behalf of all the Bros and Sisters caged up - not only here in Menard maximum security, but in every prison everywhere! I've been down since 1988. Been caged in practically every building and in every maximum security penitentiary in Illinois. Keepin contact and try to keep what we're all about alive in here - lot of righteous people in here that everyone's forgot. Please take the time to at least send a postcard - "ANY-THING" to someone in these places.

Many thanks, with all love, respect and gratitude Forever Indiana "Rick" Wooton 1% P.O. Box 711 - N93940 Menard, IL 62259-0711

P.S. We pass your paper around that "Bingo" helps provide us. MANY, MANY thanks to him. You and all who help!!

It is HELL to be locked up in here and to never get a letter from any of your Bros!

Did all of you forget us? Don't any of you care? We wrote to bro's in prison when we were free out there. Write about the cuties! Tell us about the fun! Tell us about the brothers and all the tings you've done. Write about the parties! Or the things your going to do! Tell us you miss us - we miss "All" of you! It's awful tough in here behind these Huge walls of stone. To try to plan ahead - when all you feel your all alone! We don't want to feel forgotten! Not for a little while! So if we got some letters - that sure would make us smile! Show that you remember - and that you're a brother too.

This time would go much faster if we got "a letter" or even "a postcard" from

you. Indiana Rick 1%



